

A. E. HARRICK

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Notices under this head, inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

Bicycles For Sale.  
A Lady's and a Gentleman's Bicycle for sale.  
1905 & 1906 models—May be seen at Riverside House. Address, Lock Box 34. 21

FOUND.  
Found last Saturday on the Gilead road, a feather bag. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. May be seen at the News office. 21

Notice.  
This is to certify that the undersigned have this day dissolved partnership. All bills due the firm of Farwell & Flint are to be collected by H. M. Farwell, and all bills contracted by said firm are to be paid by said Farwell.  
(Signed) H. M. Farwell,  
F. R. Flint.

Wanted.  
A position to do general housework by an experienced girl. Apply to  
Box 2, Upton, Me.

FOR SALE.  
We have a large quantity of extra fine squashes which we will supply in any quantity desired at reasonable prices.  
H. & W. Farwell.

To Let.  
House of ten rooms, on Park street, with stable connected.  
Ceylon Row.

WARNING.  
We hereby forbid all persons dumping refuse matter of any kind at the mouth of Alder river within the limits of the highway.  
H. Farwell,  
J. C. Billings,  
C. E. Barker, } Selectmen  
of  
Bethel.

FOR SALE.  
Any one in need of a sewing machine should examine the New Home which can be seen at the store of E. E. Burnham. This machine is new and can be bought at a bargain.  
S. N. BUCK.

WANTED.  
Wanted the people to know that we have a limited quantity of dry hard wood which we will deliver on wheels at a reasonable price. Leave your order at the News office, or inquire of  
H. & W. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

FOR SALE.  
A full blood Cheviot Boar about one year old. Inquire of Addison S. Bean, Box 22, West Bethel, Me. 21

WANTED.  
The people to know that by using non-corrosive ink their expenses for pens will be practically nothing. Call and examine our pens which have been used several weeks and never wiped.  
News Publishing Co.

SAMUEL RICHARDS, Ref. D.  
The only  
DOCTOR OF REFRACTION  
in Oxford County, and the only Optician using the Javal Ophthalmometer.  
Examination free when glasses are ordered at  
6 Pleasant St., South Paris, Me.

WOOL CARDING.  
If you have wool to be carded bring or send it to W. K. Hamlin's mill at South Waterford, Me., or to G. A. Cole, agent, Norway, Me., or to W. K. Hamlin, Bridgton, Me., railroad station.  
I run a team to Norway and Bridgton once each week and will take wool to mill and return it without extra expense for trucking.  
Mill closes for the season Dec. 15th.  
Wool rolls and Wool Batching for sale.  
W. K. HAMLIN,  
South Waterford, Me.

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PASTE  
will be found quick on application, strong in action, and thoroughly satisfactory in all respects.  
Always moist and ready for use.

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NARROW FEET  
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TENDER FEET  
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Feet Hard to  
fit—for any  
reason—should  
come to us.  
We have an  
endless variety  
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PALMER SHOE CO.,  
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Fruit  
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GUNS AND  
AMMUNITION,  
—IS AT—  
H. M. Farwell's  
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L. ME.

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"This BETHEL News is the best  
advertising medium in Western  
Maine." Try it and see. : : :  
July Average, 1897.

# The Bethel News.

YES, WE PRINT  
Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State-  
ments, Envelopes, Flyers, Cards,  
Wedding Stationery, Etc. : : :  
"From a Card to a Poster."

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20, 1897.

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## Town Topics.

### WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

Mr. C. C. Lovejoy is in Deering with his family.

Wilfred Bowler was at Bryant Pond, Friday on business.

We are glad to meet E. H. Young on our streets again.

The subject at the M. E. church next Sabbath, is Moral Insanity.

Miss Alice Bryant has been spending a few days with friends here.

The meeting of the W. C. T. U., was postponed until next Tuesday afternoon.

Special Gospel services are being continued at the M. E. church this week.

Mr. John Yates has gone to West Paris to have charge of a meat-shop.

Frank Leach returned to the News office this week after a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Gertrude Demeritt and her father returned from the Lake region, Monday, where they went to visit friends.

Mr. Eli Barker has a fine Durham heifer, but two years old that weighs 1210 pounds, and girls 6 feet and 2 inches.

We know the great cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are genuine because the people themselves write about them.

Miss Annie Cross and Miss Phebe Buxton intend to start for Buffalo, N. Y., next week to attend the National W. C. T. U.

C. C. Kimball and family of East Bethel made us a pleasant call Thursday morning on their way to their new home, in Milan, N. H.

The semi-annual conference of the Congregational churches of Oxford Co., met in Gorham, N. H., Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, and several of our people attended.

Francis J. Jeffery of Portland, was in town, Monday in the interest of the Alaska-Yukon-Klondike Gold Syndicate. He had with him some gold nuggets right from the Klondike region.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent by the Ladies' Club last Thursday, at the home of Mrs. Twaddle. The club will meet with Mrs. E. Merrill, on Broad street, Friday afternoon. Please notice the change in usual time.

When visiting Lewiston don't fail to call on C. O. Morrill at his new headquarters, 116 Lisbon St. Don't make a mistake now, for though his successors have kept his sign out at the old stand yet they cannot keep his reputation.

Mr. Fred Penley caught a bear on Chapman Brook last Friday night. The bear was caught by both fore feet and in his attempt to escape, he gnawed one of his legs entirely off. Mr. Penley sold him to C. C. Bryant, who dressed him and shipped the carcass to Boston.

It is a fact deserving notice that while the Columbian Club of Bethel, was the first club outside the city to join the State Federation in 1893, the Bethel Federation of Women's Clubs is the first village Federation to be admitted. So much for Bethel women!

When you visit Portland, don't fail to call upon Hooper, Son & Leighton; make yourself known, and they will take pleasure in showing you through their magnificent store which is one of the largest and best appointed furniture houses in New England. It will cost you nothing, and doubtless please you.

October 15th being Dayton Merrill's twenty-first birthday, his family invited in a few friends and gave him a genuine surprise. They spent the first part of the evening enjoying the fun of husking corn, then spent the time most socially, and every one present united in good wishes for their host, and bade them all good night with thanks for the pleasure afforded.

How's This!  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CLEMENT & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Clement for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.  
Wm. & Thos. A. Druggists,  
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Wm. & Thos. A. Druggists,  
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Wanted—An Idea  
Who can think of a new thing to sell? Apply to  
The NEW YORK WEED PAPER CO., Patent Agents,  
100 Broadway, N. Y. City. For their ideas and offers send them one of our thousand inventors' wanted.

## The Last Rehearsal.

The last rehearsal! Like the student who for four years has been looking forward with so much pleasure to the time when he should receive his coveted reward, but when the hour of graduation draws near, begins to realize that he is about to sever the ties of affection which have bound him so firmly to his class-mates, finds that the thought of separation has fully neutralized the anticipations of joy and delight, which that hour should bring to him, so the Bethel chorus, which for a whole year has earnestly and patiently labored to fully master the sublime and difficult music, being rendered to-day at the grand musical festival ever held in America, bespeaking by their very countenances, at their last rehearsal last Thursday night, that the culmination of their work to which they had looked forward for months with so much pleasure, while it was seasoned with a feeling of perfect satisfaction at the complete success, which crowned their efforts, it was also shrouded beneath the cloud of regret which had been cast by the three little words taken as our subject.

It was a public rehearsal held in Garland chapel, and a goodly number were present. Besides the various selections which were rendered by the chorus, a quartette was given by Misses Jennie Gibson, Nellie Frost, Edith Grover and Alice Purinton, a duet by Miss Gibson and Mr. Snyder, and a solo by Mr. Snyder, all of which were pleasingly rendered and highly appreciated.

Miss Lillian True and Miss Alice Billings served as accompanists. Rev. F. E. Barton was called upon for a speech and in his ever pleasing manner spoke of the positive value which the rehearsal of the past year had been to the members of the chorus, to the churches, and to the community.

Mrs. Gehring was then called upon as the originator of the Maine Festival, and responded in a short address, speaking of the origin and growth of this great festival.

Director B. C. Snyder in a few well chosen remarks thanked the citizens of Bethel very kindly for their generous hospitality toward him since he came to Bethel, the members of the chorus for their kindness to him and the willingness with which they have so patiently labored with him to accomplish their work.

At the conclusion of the exercises, Mr. Snyder invited the audience to remain and partake of refreshments, which the chorus had thoughtfully prepared. Cake and coffee were served, and a very pleasant half hour soon passed, when the people repaired to their homes feeling grateful to the Bethel chorus for their evening's entertainment.

Abraham Farwell of Berwick, is in town.

Rev. Israel Jordan and family have returned from their visit in Casco.

Wilfred T. Foster is visiting at his grandfather's in Newry, this week.

Mrs. Dora Whitman of Burlington, Vt., was visiting at C. O. Foster's, last week.

The Middle Intervale Baptist Circle, will meet with Miss Minnie Kimball, Thursday forenoon, Oct. 28th.

Mrs. C. O. Foster is visiting Miss Sadie Woodbury at Portland, and taking part in the Maine Festival Chorus.

The Literary Society will hold its meeting this afternoon at three o'clock at the home of Mrs. Davis Lovejoy.

Rev. H. A. Peare of Naples, and his brother, Fred, of Green, stopped with A. W. Grover, Monday night. They are on a hunting and pleasure trip in this and adjoining towns for a few days. It will be remembered that Mr. Peare was on the Methodist circuit at Mason and West Bethel a few years ago, where he made many fast friends. His poor health of recent years has been much improved by these short and timely vacations with his gun and rod.

Our townspeople will soon miss from our streets the familiar figure of Dr. G. W. Fernald, who leaves us to go to the town of Harrison, where he opens a veterinary office, also engaging in other business for the success of which he carries the best wishes of many friends. Dr. Fernald has been employed by many people in Bethel, who recommend him as a first-class veterinary dentist. He will visit our town every three weeks in the interest of his profession thus enabling those who need work in his line to procure first class work.

## Afternoon Tea at The Delinda.

The ladies who were so fortunate as to attend the five o'clock tea party given last week by Miss True, in honor of her friend, Mrs. George Bird of Portland, say that a so particularly delightful affair deserves more than a casual mention. Just where did its peculiar charm lie? There was the usual group of bright, vivacious, chatty women that one meets at such functions; the same dainty table presided over with easy grace; the same winsome maidens rendering sweet, deft service. All these are the necessary adjuncts of such affairs, and if the ladies seemed a little brighter, the sweet, young girls a little lovelier than one often meets, that may be possibly the prejudiced opinion of one who stands confessed an ardent admirer of both, so we must seek elsewhere for any distinguishing characteristics. But we need go no further than the hostess and her home.

Miss True is a woman of whom Bethel may well be proud, of whom Bethel is proud. Of such unusual abilities that she stands at the head of her chosen profession in America; having had rare opportunities of travel, study and cultured associations; gifted with such wealth of unforced wit as makes her companionship the delight of all her friends; broad minded, warm hearted, high souled. We may well congratulate ourselves that she has her home among us. And the home that she has been for the past few months creating is as interesting as its mistress. Some years ago the brilliant professor of English literature in Smith College, Miss Kate Sanborn, published a bright little book called "The Rescue of an Abandoned Farm," but if Miss True could be persuaded to give to the public the history of her "Rescue of a Decaying Mansion" its fame would surely eclipse that of Miss Sanborn's witty book.

A few months ago Miss True and her brother, Mr. Alfred True, conceived the idea of converting into a home, the old house on Broad street, which is honored as being the birthplace of Prof. Henry L. Chapman of Bowdoin College, a large, roomy, pretentious mansion in its day, with a charming old colonial front door which even in its worst estate has never lost its aristocratic air of assured gentility. And the home which they have made is so charming, so original and withal so thoroughly practicable that it ought to stand as an object lesson to the community; an illustration of the fact that it is not the lavish outlay of money, but the lavish outlay of brains, skill and taste that creates the ideal home. Carefully preserving all the characteristic features of the old time house and furnishing it in a style wholly consistent with itself, they have attained the happiest of affects, and transformed it into the most liveable and loveable of homes. The scheme of coloring of the walls, wainscoting and floors is delightful, and the quaint pieces of old furniture, the rugs, the simple draperies, all seem to have gravitated toward each other because born and made for that very place and company, though some of them have seen many vicissitudes in reaching it—and the illustration they combine to give of the beauty of simplicity and possible artistic merit of plain utility would delight the souls of John Ruskin and all his disciples. Possibly the new, old houses may be invested with a fictitious charm to us, who have been so fortunate as to watch its evolution, through the witty chronicles grown from day to day by its enthusiastic mistress. For "the tapestried corridor," "the banquet hall" and "the acting kitchen" with the personalized sinks and closets have for us a charmed existence peculiarly their own. And it must be confessed that after viewing such perfections, we usually return to our stereotyped ordinary houses with a fine disdain of their common-places, and with inward vows that if ever we have the chance to "begin over again," and what woman soul does not sigh for it? it would be to embody in our own home making the principles, we have seen so attractively exemplified in the Delinda, to which its makers, "Long live and happiness."

M. C. H.

## ONE GRAND SUCCESS.

### MAINE IS PROUD, AND WHY SHOULD SHE NOT BE?

Scarcely Standing Room Last Night in the Great Auditorium.

It was nearly twelve months ago that the originator and promoters of the Maine Music Festival had effected sufficient plans as to be able to announce to the public with a considerable degree of certainty, that sometime during the present fall, 1000 of Maine's best singers would be gathered under one roof and give a grand concert.

The good people of Maine are not slow to form ideas concerning any great movement which is put on foot; there were, accordingly, as great a variety of opinions concerning this great movement, as to what it would be like, and the possibilities of its success or failure, as there were people to possess opinions. There were those who were free to express their opinions upon all occasions to the effect that the whole thing was a fake and they knew it; others, while they were in sympathy with the undertaking and would fain see it carried forward to a successful completion, could but entertain grave doubts about the possibility of success; while a third class there was, who knew that it could be made a success and with that energy and determination which is, and ever has been characteristic of the sons and daughters of the Old Pine Tree State, they were willing to unite with that matchless musical genius, Maine's special pride, and Bethel's honored son, and give a grand Musical Festival which should astound the most arbitrary critics, convince the doubtful, satiate their own desires, and crown their State with honor.

Did they do it? To those who attended the Festival last night this question has but one answer. For several months the fact that Maine was to have a Musical Festival had been known throughout America and thousands of people were watching its development with much interest; those most closely interested had long since declared that it was an assured success and the people were eager to know just what it was to be like; they had read the papers, attended the preliminary concerts, conversed with those who had pictured the whole scene by their vivid and lively imagination, and had come from all quarters prepared for something grand, but when that which had been visionary and imaginative was transformed into a perfect reality, the realizations became so extremely grand that their anticipations sank into insignificance.

It was not only impossible for the management to picture this great festival, but it is likewise impossible for us to here picture to our readers who were not permitted to attend, what we saw last night when Maine touched the zenith of her musical experience. The vast auditorium presented the most magnificent sight a Maine audience has ever been permitted to gaze upon. In the rear of the mammoth stage were festoons of the national colors caught up at a point in the centre where was placed a large banner bearing the word "Maine." The picture which was presented by that vast chorus of 1000 singers, with the gentlemen, in their black dress suits, arranged in the center in the shape of a cone, and the ladies in pure white on either side and in the rear forming a semi-circle around them, is indescribable.

The auditorium was ablaze with electric lights. They gleamed from the groined arches, flashed from the walls, and were arranged in numerous festoons, above the stage. The seats for last night were all sold and people buying standing room the day previous, and yesterday afternoon parties in Portland who held single tickets were offered \$10 a piece for them.

Shortly after seven o'clock, the ticket holders began to gather and for one solid hour there was a continual rush for admission until every seat in the spacious hall was taken and at least 500 people standing in the rear and along the side aisles. Besides this, we were told that the building was surrounded by hundreds of people who could not gain admission.

But as to the concert, how shall we convey, we cannot convey the slightest impression of it; as one reporter has said: "Music is an art, the highest aims and beauties of which seem, by their very essence, to evade a definition by words; it expresses the feelings of the human heart with an intensity which can never be reached by the cold deliberateness of language;

how then are we to catch the subtlest effluence of inspired genius in the dumy earthen vessel of a newspaper notice written against time?" To do justice to the musical ability of a Mozart and the power of description of a Ruskin, and not being blessed by either of these gifts of nature, we shall be obliged to state the plain unpolished facts of what we saw and heard, and humbly request our readers to draw upon their imaginations for the rest.

Shortly after eight o'clock, Prof. Chapman entered amid a hearty round of applause. Filled with his energy and musical enthusiasm he took his position and called his orchestra into service in the Webber Overture to "Oberon." Following this came "Hail Bright Abode," by the chorus. The splendid effect of the orchestra and chorus combined, was too much for the audience which drowned the closing bars in applause which could not be staid. The first solo was the "Prize Song" by Williams. Mr. Williams was received with much enthusiasm and sang with much dignity and expression.

It is useless to say that hundreds were anxiously waiting to get their first look at Nordica and when she entered attended by Prof. Chapman, the audience lost their heads and simply went wild. The chorus arose from their seats and waving their handkerchiefs, presented a most beautiful picture. Nordica was attired in pink satin and blazing with diamonds, and the great audience after welcoming her in a royal fashion, settled down in glad surrender to the charm of her irresistible voice allied to perfect art. That she brought the house down goes without saying, for five times she had to return and bow to her delighted listeners before they would let her pass. The other soloists, Heinrich Meyn, and Gwilym Miles were highly appreciated, and very heartily applauded.

The Miserere scene from Il Trovatore with Mme. Nordica as Leonora, and Mr. Williams as Manrico, was one of the marked successes. Nordica's flexible voice responded with perfect ease to all the demands made upon it. Mr. Williams, tenor, was also all there and careful work of the chorus filling in the background with perfect harmony was simply exquisite.

The sextette and chorus from the Lucia with Mme. Nordica, Miss Carlsmith and Messrs. Williams, Fulton, Miles, and Meyn with full chorus and orchestra, all at their highest pitch of power and beauty was one of the finest selections for the entire evening.

Nordica had her admirers as did also Williams and the other famous singers but what called forth the most marked expression of appreciation, what created the most interest and enthusiasm, was the wonderful harmony of that vast chorus. The chorus presents an attractive appearance whether singing or listening to the soloists, but the prettiest sight of all is seen when the thousand choristers are giving vent to their pent up enthusiasm by showing their appreciation upon the distinguished soloists.

Never did we look into the faces of a body of people and see joy and satisfaction beaming from every countenance as it did from the faces of those singers last night. For a whole year they have been laboring to make possible this great festival; discouragement has come at times, people have prophesied that all their efforts would prove in vain, yet the work was carried on, obstacle upon obstacle was surmounted, and now they have stood before the people, shown by their masterly efforts the result of their labors, and critics pronounce it a success, while thousands sound their praise. By their earnestness and perseverance they have made this great festival possible; its success depended largely upon them; it was a success from start to finish, and well may they feel proud.

Rev. A. Hamilton took a trip to the Lakes Monday, returning last night.

Mr. L. E. Allen has moved from West Bethel, into C. B. Bise's rent on Clark street.

Mrs. Bessie Martin and little daughter are visiting relatives at West Bethel, this week.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.—Charron.

—Thou art my help in heaven, because I have no helper and deliverer on earth. Therefore delay not. I know thou wilt choose the right time and not neglect me.—John Arnd.

## Earl Sanborn's Secret.

### CHAPTER VII. Why Mr. Sanborn did not go to Earl.

I must now ask you to go back with me, and learn why David Sanborn had not reached little Earl. You remember that Mr. Sanborn started immediately on receipt of the telegram. He had almost reached his destination, when one of those unforeseen occurrences which are liable to meet all railway travelers, put a sudden and unfortunate check upon his further progress. A broken rail threw the train from the track, and the cars, piled one upon another, rolled into the ditch with their living freight. And in this case the wires were not down, and no human foresight could have prevented this second catastrophe following so closely upon the first.

Mr. Sanborn was among those injured and, with the rest, was taken to the city.

Tidings of the disaster reached the city an hour in advance of the arrival of the train, and a large crowd of people collected at the depot—drawn thither by anxiety for friends and loved ones, by a bond of common sympathy, or by curiosity. Among them, and seemingly the most active of all, was a tall, fine-appearing young man of superior address, and with unmistakable signs of wealth about him. He had been one of the first to arrive at the depot; but instead of waiting listlessly for the time to pass, he did what he could to relieve the anxiety which was weighing heavily upon many of those who were waiting with him; and every few moments he would go to the telegraph office and bring the latest dispatch. Thus he whiled away the tedious hour of waiting.

When the train arrived, he was the foremost to volunteer assistance. Tossing his coat into the carriage which brought him down, he lent a helping hand here and there, doing just the thing that was needed, at the proper moment—now bathing the brow or chafing the hand of some poor, fainting one, and again, with the tenderness of a woman, helping to smooth the way for some agonized sufferer. No sight seemed to appall him; no exertion to fatigue him; but, cool and steady-nerved, he toiled on unselfishly.

He did not know what was in store for him. He knew not that in that car was lying one very dear to him; and when he saw that well-known face, so dearly beloved—saw the bruises and the blood and the death-like pallor, he was unmanned for a moment.

"My poor father!" he murmured, as he mechanically smoothed back the disordered hair. And the tears filled his eyes as he gazed at the loved face, which was now rigid and colorless.

For a moment his grief mastered him; but, controlling himself by a powerful effort, he assisted to move the insensible form to his own carriage.

"Home" was the one word that he spoke as he took his place in the carriage. And the driver mounted the box and headed the horses toward the South-side.

Perhaps you have guessed that this son and his father were David Sanborn and his first-born, Willie. If you have not it is nothing strange, for you do not know Willie Sanborn as I know him.

After a long drive, the carriage drew slowly up before one of the finest marble palaces on Michigan Avenue.

"Go for a mattress and plenty of help," said Willie, to the coachman, "and tell Mamie to have a room prepared at once."

Only a few days before, the coachman had been sent on a similar errand, when John Barrett, the head of that household, had been brought home dead—a victim of the collision which little Earl Sanborn knew so much about—and as he hastened in at the door on which the crape still hung, he wondered if that old man lying in the carriage would ever know into whose hands he had fallen.

The door had scarcely closed behind the coachman's burly figure, when it re-opened and a black-robed, yet almost girlish form appeared. She gave a quick glance at the carriage, then hastened down the walk toward it.

This was "Mamie." Willie's young wife, the only child John Barrett ever had. Willie had been John Barrett's confidential clerk, and had so won the heart and confidence of his employer, that when he asked him for Mamie's hand in marriage, the consent was gladly given; and thenceforth Willie was a son of a millionaire.

But we left Mamie running toward the carriage. She knew that something dreadful had happened,

and, therefore was prepared for the worst, so that when she looked into the carriage and saw Willie holding the bleeding head of his father, and shedding tears of manly grief, she showed no signs of weakness.

"Poor man! who is he, Willie?" "It is my poor father, Mamie," he answered, yet scarcely able to speak. "Oh Mamie! if he should die before I ask his forgiveness!"

Mamie answered not, and when Willie looked up to learn the cause, he saw her beautiful face uplifted trustfully to Heaven, her hands clasped in a suppliant attitude, and her lips moving, though no audible sound came from them. Was it prayer? Willie knew it was, and felt that it would be answered.

"Mamie, you have renewed my strength and my hope," he murmured. "I know I shall be forgiven."

I have not space to tell you all the incidents which followed close upon this singular meeting of David Sanborn and Willie, his first-born, so I will notice only the principal ones.

Mr. Sanborn's situation proved to be very critical. For weeks the Death Angel hovered over that princely mansion, and only the assiduous care of Mamie, Willie, and his mother, who had been sent for at the time, ever brought the injured man back to life again. For weeks he knew no one, and when at last reason returned, the once strong man was more helpless than a babe.

It was on the day that Mr. Sanborn first showed signs of returning consciousness, that the policeman, true to his promise, called with little Earl's verbal message to the Barretts. Willie knew not what to make of it, but when he told his mother, she implored him to make all haste and go, for she believed that it was little Earl who had sent the word.

The little fellow had not been forgotten all this time; but, not knowing at what moment the father might die, they had not dared to leave him. Now that he had become rational again, the doctor had given strict orders for Willie not to enter the sick chamber, fearing the consequences of any excitement, therefore Willie was at liberty to answer this unexpected message of Earl's.

"I will go to-day," he said, "and Mamie shall go with me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WISE SAYINGS.

Nothing useless is, or low. Each thing in its place is best, and what seems but idle show Strengthens and supports the rest.—Longfellow.

—He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow.—Seneca.

—Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.—Seneca.

—The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

—Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt for weakness.

—Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

—Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.—Horace Mann.

—I have often said that all the misfortunes of men spring from their not knowing how to live quietly at home in their own rooms.—Fascel.

—I think all the lines of the human face have something either touching or grand, unless they seem to come from low passions.—George Eliot.

—If it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but as long as I can avoid it, I will never be unhappy.—Sydney Smith.

—The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays; so homelight must be constituted of little tenderness, kindly looks, sweet laughter, loving words.

—That mind will be more vigorous whose physical habitation is kept in the best repair—i. e., taxed sufficiently to render it healthy, but not overtaxed.

—The true Christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track, and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in a blessing upon the world around him.—Luther.

Wise Men Know

It is folly to build upon a poor foundation, either in architecture or in health. A foundation of sand is insecure, and to deaden symptoms by narcotics or nerve compounds is equally dangerous and deceptive. The true way to build up health is to make your blood pure, rich and nourishing by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Just as the door of a Portland safe was opened the other day, a burglar was discovered inside of it, right in the act of disarranging the papers. He nimbly escaped arrest by jumping through the window and climbing the nearest tree. He was white with black spots, and now has the most dolorous meow of all the Portland cats.—Journal.



THE BETHEL NEWS,  
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Rumford Falls, C. C. Clifton.

Bethel, Maine, OCT. 20th, 1897

At a meeting held at the office of the Whig and Courier Thursday in Bangor, a corporation was organized under the name of the Whig and Courier Publishing Company and the following officers were elected: Pres., C. A. Bontelle; treas., Edward Stetson; directors, Hiram H. Fogg, E. B. Burpee and C. A. Bontelle.

Berlin's new paper, the Berlin Reporter, comes to our table this week. It is a very pretty sheet neatly arranged, alive and up-to-date. Its enterprising publishers, Andrus & Barney, believe that though the county was before crowded, as one of their contemporaries puts it, that there is always room at the top. We wish them success.

A little interest is being manifested in the telephone move but not as we shall see before six months have passed. Don't think this only talk, for if you do you will wake up some morning and find yourself disappointed. Bethel is soon to have a local telephone exchange. Who will be the next to kindly offer a word of encouragement?

Chas. A. Dana, the veteran editor of the New York Sun, died at 120 Sunday afternoon at his home near Glen Cove, Long Island, N.Y., in 1819, thus making him 78 years of age. He has led a very active life, having held many positions of trust, the last 30 years of his life being spent as editor of that enterprising and successful journal, the New York Sun.

As the time draws near for the bicycle contest to close, the excitement begins to rage. Remember it closes Friday night at 5 o'clock. If you thought that one subscription would give the wheel to the one in whom you are interested, you would see that he had the wheel, would you not? The vote is closed, and it is not possible to tell who will get the wheel, so let each one do his part. Remember, a new subscriber or a renewal, will count 100 votes. It will cost but little to make some boy happy. Which boy shall it be?

### LOCAL NEWS.

S. N. Buck was in town, Monday. The cider mill started last week. Mr. Meserve has returned from his vacation.

Harry Glidden of Norway, was in town, Sunday.

James Record of South Paris, is working for Milton Penley.

A. A. Mower of Auburn, is in town on a hunting expedition.

Paul Ames of New York, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Irving Ames.

Mr. Benjamin Bryant and wife have returned to their home in Lowell.

Miss Sarah Hall returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit in Massachusetts.

Mr. Geo. H. Shirley and Miss Isabel Shirley have returned to their home in Brooklyn.

The Columbian Club will meet with Mrs. Gilbert Tuell on Saturday afternoon of this week.

Have you ever met Murphy the Hatter, down to Lewiston? Then give him a call when you go down again.

Mrs. Harold Chapman and children have been visiting Mrs. Chapman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Hastings.

Old brass buttons off some uniform can be polished up and made into very pretty hat pins, and they are all the style now. You find the button, and King, the jeweler will do the rest.

**Extremely Nervous**  
Barely Able to Crawl Around—Now Perfectly Cured and Doing Her Own Housework.  
"I was extremely nervous, barely able to crawl around, with no strength of arm or leg. I could not sleep, would have very bad spells with my heart, and my stomach was in a terrible condition. I had dreadful neuralgia pains in my side, and would be dizzy. In the midst of it all I had a malarial fever. It was miserable for months after, could not sit up over half an hour without being all exhausted. At last one of my neighbors wanted me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was persuaded to do so and in a little while could eat and sleep better. This encouraged me to continue. I have now taken five bottles, and am perfectly cured. I am doing my housework alone." Mrs. Fred T. Bates, Barre, Vt. Be sure to get Hood's Pills.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
The Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

**Hood's Pills**  
are tasteless, mild, effective, and safe. All druggists.

Bethel Hill and Vicinity; its Beauty and Great Improvements; one Very Unsightly Place!

Bethel village was always noted for the beauty of its situation; but during the last dozen years or more, it has crowned that beauty with some elegant residences, and many conveniences and privileges that add greatly to the comfort of its people.

Let us take a carriage of our host, Mr. Lovejoy of the Bethel House, who has lately brightened its exterior with new trimmings and fresh paint, and ride through one or two of its streets and a mile or two in the vicinity.

It would extend this article to an unusual length to do more than glance at a few improvements. We will ride up Broad street where, nearly completed, is the palatial mansion of Dr. and Mrs. Gehring, with its beautiful and wide-spread outlook, elegant lawn and rare and fragrant flowers.

Turning back, we pass a group of fine residences, among them those of Messrs. Herrick and Rowe, and drive down Main street. On our left is the neat and convenient Post-office, with the neat drug-store of Mr. Wiley attached, while opposite is the store of Hastings Brothers, who have been largely the instruments of bringing pure water to the village, giving health to the inhabitants, and protection in case of fires. Just below is the Cole Block, with its many stores and offices; that of Miss Burnham, Miss Hall, the bank, the law-office of Messrs. Herrick & Park, and not the least, the office and counting room of The Bethel News, published by Messrs. Bowler and Farwell, with E. C. Bowler, editor. Here the people have the latest news, can secure all kinds of job printing and obtain a variety of stationery.

Then opposite is the fine house of Mr. John M. Philbrook, surrounded by a beautiful and well kept lawn. Passing many useful stores and the store-house of the chair factory, our eyes are attracted to the beautiful and commodious residence of Mr. Purington, with its fine fruit trees, between the houses of Mr. Chandler and Mr. Mason, while opposite is the house of Mr. Walker, with glass evenly mowed and grounds adorned with choice flowers. So just below is the house of Mr. Samuel Philbrook, with its large barn and indications of careful husbandry. As we pass the store of Mr. Jordan, we will halt nearly front of the store of Woodbury & Purington, and let our horse drink without unhitching the check-rein, at the very convenient and ornamental iron fountain that stands there.

Pleasant rides and charming scenery, with good roads, always attract summer travel and give an increase of business to the hotel, to the boarding houses, and to all the stores.

It used to be a splendid ride down the river on the east side as far as Kendall's ferry, then have the variety of a carriage over the river by a ferry-boat, and back through Mayville.

So we pass hastily over the railroad track and come speedily to Alder river.

Once, this river, overflowing by shady trees, and opening up a delightful landscape of wondrous mountain beauty as you look down the Androsoggin, emptied its pure waters into the larger rivers with a gentle flow or when vexed with heavy rains it rejoiced with a louder murmur as its waters were lost in the great stream.

But, alas! what do we behold? We must shut our eyes and hold on to our noses; for here are dumped the refuse of the village—dirty papers, rags, tin cans, and all kinds of garbage; and often the smell is like that of a slaughter house, such as would easily breed typhoid and other fevers.

But let us get away from this place as soon as possible. The bridge and fences are in keeping. Having passed safely over and the horse having safely escaped a broken leg, let us hurry to Kendall's ferry.

As we reach the turn of the road, we are told that Kendall's ferry no longer runs, so we go on to Bean's ferry. By turning a crank actively which connects by a long wire to the dwelling of Mr. Bean, a very obliging ferryman appears and soon lands us safe on the west side of the Androsoggin. After a long drive we pass the elegant mansions of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Twitchell and soon come to the covered bridge, where once a ferry boat was run, and when the bridge was built, it was made a toll-bridge with its toll-house.

After several years the bridge became free, and the toll-house and out-buildings became dilapidated, making an unsightly place. These buildings having been removed, and Mr. Barker putting his premises in a condition that provokes much praise, we will stop a moment as we pass the bridge and view the beautiful landscape before us; but don't let your eyes wander down the river lest you catch a glimpse of Alder River, as it will unfit you for the scene spread out northward.

We will now hasten up Chmuk street, passing some commodious dwellings, Gould Academy, in view of the brick school house, the two churches, and are soon at the Bethel House. Here we are met by Mr. Flaisted, the mail-carrier, who offers to take us over Paradise, but our ride has already

exceeded our anticipation and we must decline his polite offer.

We will close with the expression that places of beauty are a joy and pleasure to any people, but that unsightly and disagreeable places are a disgrace!

### Fidelity.

#### Martha's Vineyard.

It sometimes seems impossible for people living on the mainland, to realize that this group of islands, of which Martha's Vineyard is the largest, is really a part of New England. It is often thought of only as a bit of land out in the Atlantic somewhere but of no importance whatever.

Never was a greater mistake made, for I doubt if you can find another spot of equal area in New England of greater interest, real and historical, than Martha's Vineyard and the neighboring islands. Studied from a physical standpoint alone it is of much interest.

The island is twenty-one miles long and has an average width of about six miles, although in one place it is nine miles or more. The eastern part is level, but the western part is hilly and rocky. It has the Atlantic Ocean on the south and Vineyard Sound on the north. Great physical changes are constantly going on. There are plenty of men now living here, who will tell you that the shore line has changed much within their recollection. On the south side of the island are several large ponds that were, undoubtedly, in the past, floods of the sea, but are now separated from it by a long beach. The evidence of this lies in the fact, that when channels are made, through this beach to the sea, as is done in some places every year, and the fresh water run off, reducing these ponds to a level with the ocean, numerous stumps of trees are found in their normal positions. As these trees never could have grown under water, they must have grown above the wash of the sea in those localities.

It is believed that the northwestern parts were, at some distant period in the past, severed from the mainland by the ever-wearing tides, winds and waves, and are therefore of older formation than the south-eastern part.

It is said that within a comparatively recent period, something like a quarter of a mile in width and for a distance of twelve miles has been lost to the island. Meadows have been covered with beach sand or entirely submerged. Near the south shore of Chappaquidick—an island in the same range as the Vineyard, where once were meadows, there is now a depth of water sufficient to float a ship. In the north-western part of the island are extensive fields of clay, ending in cliffs of beautiful variegated colors, rising in some parts to nearly one hundred and fifty feet, which gives the name "Gay Head," to this section.

These cliffs were probably formed by an upheaval at some remote period and it is said that especially after a heavy rain has washed them, many marine fossils are found which makes the place particularly attractive to scientific men. It is claimed by some, that the island was once covered by a heavy growth of pine, but if so, it has long since given place to another growth, mostly of oak. Soon after the discovery of these islands they were noted for the growth of sassafras—large quantities of which were shipped to the mother country. Of the historical interest I will, perhaps, speak at another time.

Minnie E. Wheeler.

—A lad recently announced to his parents his permanent retirement from the Sunday-school. "I tell you," said he "it's no sort of use for me to go any more. I don't take any interest in the subject. I don't want to be a minister or a superintendent or even a teacher. All I'm going to be is just a common kind of a man like father."

—The trees are peaching out their supple arms.

Revealing to his gaze their fairy charms And yielding perfume to his every ray.

The intervals, its soft green carpet spreads, Tinting beneath its rays to brighter hue, A myriad tiny spires erect their heads Resplendent 'neath the sky's serenest blue.

The flitting songsters their sweet voices raise, Responsive to the brightness of the hour, Trilling their notes of homage and of praise.

And chanting melodies from bough and power, The sunlit tones of crimson and of gold Nature's sweet music in a glad refrain, The unforgetten loveliness of old Reckon my spirits to a higher plane.

So yielding to the influence of the scene Whose grandeur long in memory shall dwell, To Bethel's skies of blue and fields of green I breathe with lighter heart a fond farewell.

## C. O. MORRELL,

who for eighteen years has been in the

## BOOT AND SHOE BUSINESS,

at the corner of Main and Lisbons Sts., LEWISTON.

(The last two years as manager of the C. O. MORRELL SHOE CO.)

has SOLD out his interest in that business, although the business is being RUN under the same name, and the signs appear the same at the old store.

## C. O. MORRELL

IS NOW AT

116 LISBON STREET, in one-half S. P. Robie's Store,

With a full line of entirely new Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers, of the latest styles and nice quality.

Morrell and Prince Shoe Co.,

C. O. MORRELL,

A. R. PRINCE.

### You Look Better

with your glasses fitted to your face and it is much better for the eye. Many opticians don't bother to have the frames set well on the face but give you any style frame they happen to have.

Why not, not only have your eyes carefully fitted but have the measurement of your face taken and frames acutely fitted too? If I have none to fit you I will have them made to order.

Eyes examined free and satisfaction guaranteed.

**EDWARD KING,**  
Jeweler and Optician,  
Bethel, Me.

For the Bethel News.

#### Leaving Bethel.

The hour of parting is the hour of pain; The memories clustering round a joyous past.

Are but as mourners in a funeral train: Of summer days, too beautiful to last.

And memory turns with something of regret From retrospective views of all the hours.

Of Life, since Life was young, and yet I find therein more cause for joy than tears.

The hallowed memories are not wholly sad, For while we look upon the vanished hours.

Of youth's bright golden time, we may be glad That midst the wayside thorns we gathered flowers.

And when these flowers seem fading from our sight, When on our path some darkening shadows fall,

If Hope and Faith but lead us to the light, Sunshine will be upon and over all.

The sun in distant space is ever bright Though faint with sombre darkness cloud the day,

And when the clouds have passed again, The light Breaks forth and sheds new gladness on our way.

Sunshine, to-day, is on fair Bethel hills, Sunshine upon the vales that lie below, While from the babbling brooks and limpid rills

In radiant light it sparkles as they flow. The trees are peaching out their supple arms.

The flowers are turning to the orb of day, Revealing to his gaze their fairy charms And yielding perfume to his every ray.

The intervals, its soft green carpet spreads, Tinting beneath its rays to brighter hue, A myriad tiny spires erect their heads Resplendent 'neath the sky's serenest blue.

The flitting songsters their sweet voices raise, Responsive to the brightness of the hour, Trilling their notes of homage and of praise.

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So yielding to the influence of the scene Whose grandeur long in memory shall dwell, To Bethel's skies of blue and fields of green I breathe with lighter heart a fond farewell.

A. P. O.

### Man and Wife.

Both Agree as to What Saved the Wife's Life.

When a woman has been abandoned by doctors to die, when she takes a medicine and gets well, when she and her husband both declare that medicine saved her life, what more can possibly be said of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy?

Mrs. J. M. Churchill, of Bethel, N. Y., says: "I had a very bad cough and could not lie on my left side at all. I also had neuralgia very badly. Many physicians in Cortland said I could not be cured, but I am thankful to say I am cured through taking Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It cured my cough and greatly benefited my neuralgia. When I began taking it, I was very weak and it built me right up. I always had sick headache and trouble with my stomach, and it gave me relief from them."

In speaking of his wife's case, Mr. Churchill said: "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved her life."

Sold by all druggists for \$1 a bottle.

**THE POISONOUS ACIDS**  
In the blood are the direct cause of Rheumatism. There is no preparation so effective in driving out these poisons as Dr. Drumm's Lightning Remedies. They have received the unsolicited endorsement of the highest medical authority, and testimonials from every state. If your druggist has not got these remedies, do not take anything else. Describe your case in a letter to the Drumm Medical Co., New York. Agents wanted.

Honore Grenier, who is serving a sentence for manslaughter in the State prison at Thomaston for killing Honore Dionne about two years ago, has become violently insane from horror and remorse.

### WAKE UP!

You must no more sleep with one of KING'S

**\$1.00**  
ALARM CLOCKS

ring in your ears. Just the thing for the cold winter mornings when you are likely to over sleep.

Best dollar clock on the market. Fully warranted.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry cleaned or repaired.

**EDWARD KING,**  
Jeweler and Optician,  
Bethel, Me.

The Length of Days.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours.

At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours.

At Hamburg in Germany, and Danzig, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, in Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours and the shortest five.

At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half.

At Wardhuys, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22nd of July without interruption; and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months.

At New York the longest day, June 19th, has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes; at Montreal, fifteen and a half hours. But the longest day of all, although one never seen by a civilized person, is that at the Poles, where the daylight lasts for six months at a time, and is succeeded by a night equally as long.—School Supplement.

Few men in this country are better or more favorable known to the drug and medicine trade than Mr. E. J. Schall, buyer in the proprietary medicine department of Meyers Bros' Drug Co., St. Louis.

He says: "My boy came home from school with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding and suffering great pain. I dressed the wound and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm, freely, all pain ceased, and in a remarkably short time, it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings and rheumatism, I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I consider it a household necessity." Sold by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryan's Pond.

Everybody Says So. Casanova's Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, clearing the entire system, dispelling colds and headaches, fever, indigestion, constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. Candy today, 10c, 25c, 50c. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

**BICYCLE CONTEST.**

From now out, the standing of the contestants will not be published. Remember the contest is to close October 21, and consequently all work must be done before that date. If you want the wheel, work for it.

**WHEEL COUNT.**

One count for

News Bicycle Contest.

USE

**Pillsbury's Best**

and with your efforts

**THE BEST**

Hats, Caps, Furs,

AND

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

**MURPHY, "THE HATTER,"**

(Sign Hat.)

COR. LISBON & ASH STS.,

Established 1873.

LEWISTON, MAINE

Having recently replenished our stock of

**FALL & WINTER GOODS,**

We are now prepared to show our patrons

**SPECIALLY DESIRABLE ARGAINS**

—IN—

Staple Dress Goods, Flannelette Wrappers, Dress Waists, in Fall and Winter Styles,

MEN'S, WOMEN'S, and CHILDREN'S

**UNDERWEAR,**

Outing Flannel, Hosiery, Blankets, Etc.

Please call and examine our stock and get prices before purchasing.

**CHOICE GROCERIES**

always on hand at

**LOWEST PRICES.**

**AGENT FOR BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.**

**G. P. BEAN,**

Cor. Church & Main Sts.,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Commissioners' Notice.

Oxford, ss: Sept. 30, A. D. 1897. We, the undersigned, having been duly appointed by the Honorable Seward S. Stearns, Judge of Probate within and for said County, Commissioners to receive and pay on the claims of the creditors of Barnard M. Prescott, late of Gilead, in said County, deceased, whose estate has been represented insolvent, hereby give public notice agreeably to the order of the Judge of Probate, that six months from and after September 21st, 1897, have been allowed to said creditors to present and prove their claims, and that we will attend to the duty assigned us at the office of Herrick & Park, in Bethel, in said County, on Wednesday, December 8th, 1897, and on Monday, March 21st, 1898, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

S. R. Twitchell, Commissioners.

G. P. Bean,

320

**WHEEL COUNT.**

USE

**THE BEST**

A Full Line of

Children's Winter Underwear, Pants, Drawers and Vests FROM 12C TO 50.

Feather Boas from 75c to \$9.00.

One of the Largest and Best Lines of YARNS AND WORSTEDS in Oxford County.

**E. E. Burnham,**  
COLE BLOCK, BETHEL.

Millinery and Fancy Goods.

Prices Right.

### This Store is Always Doing

Something in the immediate present to meet the wants of the immediate present.

What is needed for to-morrow or a year hence we will attend to when the morning and the year comes, but we will do to-day just what you are looking for to-day. Your interest now is in buying Clothing suited to this season. You will find it here. You want to buy goods to correspond with the size of your purse. You can do it here. This store is brim full and running over with timely and interesting things. Fall winds suggest Overcoats. We have a heavy, dark blue Overcoat for \$3.50. A black Kersey Overcoat, nicely lined for \$5. An extra good coat for \$7.50. Others from \$10 to \$16.50.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SUITED.

**H. B. Foster,**

NORWAY, ME.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

### LOOK! LOOK!

Ligonia Oil 7c per gal. Guaranteed as good as any oil sold.

**IRA C. JORDAN,**

Agent for Standard Oil Co.

### BLUE STORE. E. E. WHITNEY & Co.,

BETHEL, ME.

Marble & Granite Workers.

Chaste Designs. First-Class workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.

Get our prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**E. E. WHITNEY & CO.**

WHAT WE WANT

of You--

A CALL

to look over our fall and winter stock. A few minutes of your time when you are buying

**WEARING APPAREL**

OF ANY DESCRIPTION.

Special Bargains in Suits, Overcoats, and Undershirts at

**\$10.**

best values in Maine. Cheaper ones at \$7.50 and \$5.00.

Come and See Us.

**Noyes & Andrews**

NORWAY.







**Wagons, Top Buggies, Open Piano Box Buggies, Surreys, Road Carts, &c.,**  
Which I will sell as cheap as can be bought in the state—quality and style considered. I also have a few Second Hand Carriages which I can sell very low. Call and see me and get prices and terms.

**J. C. BILLINGS**      **BETHEL ME**

**H. M.**  
(Successor  
What stops Neur